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MASTERS, MISTRESSES, AND SLAVES send your stories and photos to:

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Please keep your articles short. Your story has a better chance of being published if a photo is included.

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THIS MAGAZINE IS DEDICATED TO THE ENSLAVEMENT, TRANSFORMATION & CHASTISEMENT OF MEN.

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Have any letters, stories or photos you'd like to share? You're so naughty! Forced Womanhood is always looking for SUB-missions. There's no better way to show off that sissified slut than in our publication.

Fill out the release form inside the back cover and send your material along with a SASE to:
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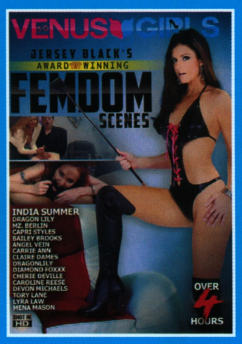

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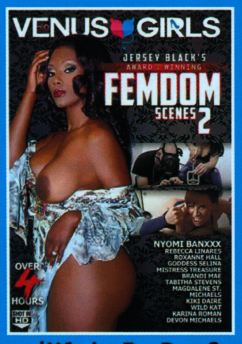

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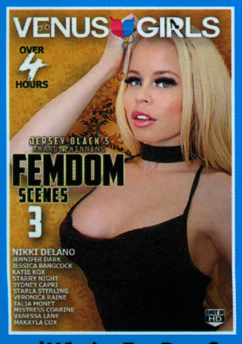

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FemDom Forever
VIPFF

Dear Readers,

Two years ago, in Issue #81, I waxed nostalgic about the long history of the fetish for "forced" feminization and how greatly Centurian founder Jeri Lee had contributed to its incredible popularity. Jeri had passed away that year, leaving behind an immeasurable legacy in the fetish world. It was a time of great sorrow for me, but also fear of what would come next for me, alone at the helm and shouldering such great responsibility. We are now heading into year 33 of publishing Forced Womanhood—though some of you may remember the very earliest days when the title was changed from Erotic Slave Piercing due to distributor pressure—and are now facing a similar threat from the straight laced corporate world. Nowadays, any term referencing "forced" is seen as extremely high risk and possibly litigious, and I have no choice but to consider either changing the name of this magazine, or ending its publication entirely.

The easy answer is to end publication— an option I have considered many times. However, the continued interest—though waning—is still strong, the materials are complex and fascinating, and there is a part of me that wants to "stick it to the man" by publishing something considered so taboo. (I guess Jeri's fighting spirit rubbed off on me just a little!) So, I am committed to keep going as long as I can, even if that means ending newsstand distribution (meaning you will have to buy directly from Centurian), slightly changing the format or title, and publishing less frequently. You can help me by sending in your own stories, letters, and photos so that I always have material to print, and don't forget to let me know how much you love this magazine! What fetish makes you fall to your knees in submission? Who do you desire to be the most? How did Centurian help you become the kinky person you are today? And if you have a favorite issue of Forced Womanhood please tell me about it!

In the meantime, I share with you an incredible interview with the ultimate cuckoldress Roxana Rae, another delectable tale from Michelle Nylons of feminization and female supremacy, an original sissification story by Patricia Michelle, along with a DVD spotlight, recommended reading, and of course, Reader Letters!

Let's keep it kinky for many years to come…

xoxo
Honore

Letters

Dear Centurian,

My name is Alexia de Sissia. For years I have been reading your magazines. Principally, I have enjoyed "Enslaved Sissies and Maids," as well as "Forced Womanhood."

I have been a crossdresser all of my life (well, since I was 4 years old) and I have been in the closet for most of that time. In recent years, I have felt a growing desire to come out into public, but I have been timid in doing so, only showing myself to some of my closest friends. I have lost several of those friends as a result.

Still, this desire has grown, and last year when I put on my first sissy maid uniform, this desire has grown exponentially and, inspired by your magazines and several products that I have purchased over the years, I have decided to present myself to your readership in the hopes of meeting more like minded people who would enjoy meeting and forcing me to reveal my true leanings to the world as a full time sissy/woman/slave.

If your readers wish to contact me through my email address: alexia_de_sissia@yahoo.com

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We Want Your Photos!

Share your naughty letters and photos to Forced Womanhood to be included in our Reader's Letters section! Lick it and stick in in the mail. We're always on the lookout to show off our devoted readers dressed up, cinched in, restrained or forcefully feminized. Please fill out the model release on Page 46 and send photos to:

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I would prefer to meet a Dominatrix, but a Domme would be acceptable as well, and all others who wish to talk. But I my desire has turned into a burning wish to be forced to live full time as a woman/sissy maid and be used as such, and spend the remainder of my life in permanent chastity.

As I sit here typing this letter, I am wearing the green French maid uniform that you see in my pictures. I now have one maid uniform for each day of the week.

Thank you for your time.

Kisses,
Alexia

Hello Centurian,

Victoria here again; I'm a slender, bisexual, submissive shemale who is looking for a couple of fun playmates, in the central Pennsylvania area preferably. I'm very easy to get to know and like as I am open-minded and enjoy 3-somes, 4-somes, or more-somes. Hopefully readers of your great magazine will want to meet with me and use my body for their sexual pleasure. Don't be shy, give me a try!

xoxo,
Victoria

PO Box 201

Hyde, PA 16843

My First Domme,

It might be hard to believe in our sexually savvy 21st century society, but forty years ago when I first moved to New York City to get into the arts, the whole "female domination" thing was still a whispered taboo. The erotic concept of worshiping women and being their obedient slaves was regarded as the purview of freaks. Back in the early 70s when Times Square was considered dirty and sleazy and still had side street massage parlors with little beaded curtains for doorways (or no doors at all), society still thought largely in vanilla terms. Yeah, there'd been a "sexual revolution" but generally speaking "balling" was the sport, not BDSM.

So in my early twenties I was vanilla too, though in my subconscious wasn't—as I would discover. I had submissive yearnings I couldn't articulate or even ask to satisfy because I didn't know precisely what they entailed or what I wanted. But then I began browsing in adult bookstores (my home away from home, which was a small room in a cheap residential hotel on the Upper West Side) and I'd see drawings of women commanding men to kiss their feet or heels (I was particularly discombobulated by the intense book cover illustrations by Bill Ward, with their exaggeratedly cruel goddesses on evil stilettos); or I'd be blown away by a magazine photo cover of a severe and scowling leather-clad "dominatrix" (the word itself was intense with that foreboding "x" at the end) turning over a cowering bare-ass male "slave" for a whipping; or an 8mm peep show movie starring some ominous older ladies in red rubber dressing a man in a frilly maid's costume and getting him to feather dust their house. Ultimately, the porn had done its number on my mind, opened the floodgates that had been holding all sorts of aching desires inside, and I was enveloped in excitingly lowly feelings and began to think, "Why can't I try some of those things?"

I'd been to a few massage parlors: plentiful in those days, just walk in for a $10 handjob, or you could negotiate for more thrills if you had the money. And I'd always gone for the handjob since I was relatively poor and, quite honestly, rather conformist in what I would ask for. But with a Pandora's Box of perversities now open in my mind from all those magazines and books I'd seen, one night I went to a $10 place with an extra $15 I'd scrounged up to spend on a "tip," and I picked a model (the handbill advertisements always called them "models" as in "5 Lovely Models To Choose From") who wore the kind of shoes that I'd seen around the streets and found exceptionally sexy: open toe ankle strap wedges with flower print patterns. For the life of me I didn't know why such shoes excited me; still don't, unless maybe I saw some pretty ladies wearing them back in the 1950s when I was little and such shoes had previously been popular; but when I saw a slender blonde masseuse named Kalina wearing this style, I decided not only to pick her for my "session" but also to ask her if...if I could kiss her shoes like...like a slave.

She led me down a short dark hallway to a little cubicle and while she laid a fresh sheet on the massage table, told me to make myself "completely comfortable," which was code for I should get naked so she'd know I wasn't a cop. When she returned I was sitting on the table nude except for my socks, and I gave her $10 for the basic "body rub" which at this place (according to those handbills passed out on the street) included the handjob; but I knew a further tip was always appreciated. Stroking my back, she told me to lay down on my stomach. While she rubbed my shoulders and ran her hand down to my butt, she asked if there was anything else I wanted. My heart was pounding and I felt so ashamed but from my vantage point on the table I looked

down and saw those exciting wedges, with her red-polished toenails peeking out the front...and I said, "Can I—can I—can I sort of be your slave and you could make me kiss your shoes?"

Kalina's hand stopped moving. I wish I could have seen her face as she digested my request, but I was too embarrassed to look back and up. I just stared at her bare legs (she was wearing a black bodysuit) and those feet and shoes down below and I knew my cock was leaking against the table although I was so nervous I wasn't getting a hard-on.

"So you're some kind of young perv?" she said finally. Then, shifting to the practical from the judgmental, she gave my ass a good sharp smack and said, "Okay, if you can tip me decently extra."

"I have $15," I said quickly, "all for you." If that sounds cheap, it wasn't; in those days I rented my hotel room for a whole month in New York City for less than a hundred dollars, and $15 was the equivalent of $78 in 2017 terms — according to my 21st century Internet inflation calculator! ;)

"Okay, perv," she said, "let me have the green."

Rising from the table, I scurried to my jeans on the chair and got the cash. I felt like such a weirdo, and naked in front of this semi-clothed girl, to boot. She was probably a few years older than I was, and although she was pretty she had a hard "I've been around" look in her eye. "Well I guess I don't have to get undressed for this," she said, "do I, slave?" She nodded her head toward the floor, then pointed one red-manicured forefinger. "Well, how do you show respect to your mistress? Get down on the floor and kiss my shoes!"

It was the strangest thing, to hear those words coming out of an actual woman and being directed to me; me, once a normal person but now about to become a practicing pervert. I didn't particularly want to lay down on the ratty looking carpet of the cubicle but it was too late to fuss over that now (I'd inherited a fear of dirt and germs from my over-protective mother, a fear I'd managed, out of sheer horniness, to suspend on my visits to massage parlors). Kalina stood over me as I lowered myself onto my left hand and knees (I kept my right hand free for jerking off) and I stared at those beautiful shoes with their sea-green and red-rose flower print patterns on the fronts and wedges of the shoes. Her toenails were nicely polished a maroon color, and I felt so weak being so close to them, they looked so sexy and kissable. I didn't mind the ratty carpet any longer, I was like a slave to this attractive blonde and she was commanding me to kiss her shoes, and I edged my face in close even as I very lightly touched my cock because I knew I could cream at a moment's notice. After all, I'd just given her fifteen bucks...I had to make it last! "What are you waiting for, slave? I said kiss them!" went Kalina above me, and I looked up and saw that she had a smirky smile on her face, and I felt bad that she must think I was a weirdo but I also felt good at having asked for what I'd been wanting since all those hours looking at magazines on 42nd Street; and I pressed my lips to the front of the shoes and then up to the ankle straps and then down, down to the promised land of those girlishly delicately decorated green flowery wedges, and the moment my lips touched them, hard and unyielding in the way of inanimate objects but beautiful as the sexy shoes on her sweet feet, my new "mistress's" feet, I exploded in streams of cum across my hand.

"Wow, that was the fastest fifteen bucks I've earned this week!" said Kalina, as I panted and pressed my face against her shoes and feet and kissed her toenails and ankle straps and those wedges over and over. Then she handed me a piece of tissue to clean up.

Once I broke the ice in this way, I went back to see Kalina several times and got into ass worship too, another one of my daydreams throbbing to be lived out. But that's a story for another day!

Irv O. Neil

New York City

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Dear Mistress Samantha,

I've been a Policeman in my County for seventeen years, so this request for advice from you is a 911! On patrol I've always been very strict, never giving anyone a break. If I stop you for a traffic violation, at the very least you're getting a ticket, or possibly even going to jail. About six months ago I stopped a speeding car that had both taillights out. As I approached the vehicle to talk to the driver she was rolling down her window and her beautiful smile, long blonde hair, and sparkling blue eyes looked vaguely familiar. I asked her for her license, registration, and proof of insurance. As she handed them to me, I quickly looked down to check out her name. I couldn't believe it, it was my High School crush, Jasmine!

She was the head cheerleader and the most popular girl in school. I wanted to be with her so badly, that's all I ever thought about! I knew it was impossible because I was a complete nerd; tall and skinny with frizzy hair, braces, and thick oversized glasses. Despite graduating with honors at the top of my class, those years were miserable, and lonely. I never had a girlfriend, and my only friend was another brainless, klutzy nerd who smelled! To make matters worse, Jasmine and her prissy girlfriends were always taunting me, calling me nasty names, and humiliating me in front of everyone! It was so embarrassing, I hated it! At the end of my senior year, I asked several girls to be my date for the Prom. Obviously, being the stud that I was, everyone turned me down. I was pretty devastated, but I expected it.

I guess that's why I'm now an anal, rigid, angry Cop. I never really got over being humiliated and embarrassed. Being a tough Cop makes me feel powerful, in control, and respected. I get off on that for obvious reasons. In the meantime, Jasmine, who finally recognized me, was really turning on the charm to avoid getting a ticket. She said if I let her off with a warning, I could come over to her house for a home cooked meal, and a good time! Mistress Samantha, I know it was unethical, but I couldn't help myself, and I eagerly agreed. My dream of being with Jasmine was finally coming true. I copied down her address and phone number, and made plans to stop by the following Saturday.

On my way over to her house a few days later I stopped to pick up a beautiful bouquet of flowers and an expensive bottle of wine. As I approached her home, my heart was pounding. I sprinted out of my car and eagerly knocked on her front door. When she opened the door, I was again mesmerized by her beauty. She was still absolutely gorgeous! She told me to come in, and flashed that famous smile of hers. Much to my surprise, she, and all her bitchy friends from High School were there waiting for me! They began taunting me and calling me names, just like they did in school. I was amazed; those same feelings of degradation and humiliation washed over me all over again.

I tried to bolt out of the house, but Jasmine and a few of her friends stood in front of the door so I couldn't escape. She then walked over to me and cut my clothes off, laughing hysterically while continuing to call me names like sissy boy, loser, and dork. Then she made me dress up in her old cheerleading outfit. Not only did I feel ridiculous, it was probably five sizes too small! I told her she shouldn't disrespect me like that, which made the girls laugh even harder.

"From now on, you will be our submissive little bitch, and do whatever we want, any time we want, as long as we want! Got that dork?"

I stood there completely frozen in front of those beautiful bullies. I really didn't know what to do!

"No," I said, "I won't!"

Jasmine proceeded to remind me that the Sargent in the Precinct where I work is her Uncle. One of the girls in the back of the room was taping the entire scenario on her cell phone and Jasmine threatened to show her Uncle the video! Mistress Samantha, I had no choice but to acquiesce to their demands.

They forced me to dress up in ridiculous outfits, wear sexy lingerie, wigs, stilettos, and makeup for their own sick pleasure several times a week. If I didn't comply, I probably would lose my job! Mistress, I can't let that happen, I'm less than three years away from retirement. How do I get out of this mess?

Officer (Name Withheld)

Birmingham, Alabama

Dear Officer Sissy Slut,

For so many years you dreamed about what it would be like to be with your precious Jasmine, even though she and her girlfriends were nothing but evil to you during your entire High School years! Are you out of your mind? How many times do I have to tell you, "Be careful what you ask for, as the Universe, in its infinite wisdom, will give you EXACTLY what you requested, in a most profound way!" Well, I guess it did, sort of!

Let's be honest here, you thought Jasmine was beautiful and popular; because you were nerdy, you thought being her boyfriend would make you cool. Hopefully, now you can clearly see she's a heartless control freak looking for a good time at the expense of others. Wake up and get real. You wouldn't be in this situation if you realized your desire to be with Jasmine was just a childhood fantasy to make you feel better about yourself. News Bulletin: the only one who can make you feel better about yourself is YOU! Now, you're in a horrible situation that you really can't get out of. These girls are serious bitches, and for the next few years you're going to have to be their submissive little sissy slut, or you probably will lose your job.

Grow up, be a man, and suck it up for the next few years tramp! Then you'll have your twenty years in, and you can retire. Somehow, even after you finally retire, I have the feeling these lovelies would continue to force you to serve them, and you'll just let them, won't you? Oh well, I guess you have a "life sentence without the possibility of parole!" As I always say, when people continually make bad choices, they need to get some serious Counseling, ASAP! In the meantime, I guess you'll just have to deal with it, you silly little bitch! Good luck Officer Friendly, you're going to need it!

Dominantly,

♥ *Mistress Samantha*

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Someone Please Help Me!

by Patricia Michelle

God, how I dread going to work every morning. It wasn't always like this though; I was one of the company's IT people, well-respected and making good money. My name was Bob Green, but now it's Bambi Lovit and I'm Mr. Jeffrys personal secretary.

I once dressed in a sharp-looking grey suit, button down oxford shirt, college tie, and wing tips. Now when I go to work I'm dressed in the tightest, most revealing top. Per Mr. Jeffrys mandate I'm not permitted a bra so my huge D-cup tits and nipples bounce and jiggle as I walk. I wear the tightest corset that gives me an alluring twenty four inch waist, although since I foolishly admitted that it was becoming at least a little bearable Mr. Jeffrys declared it was time for a new one and thinks a twenty two inch waist would almost be perfect. My skin tight, hot pink leather skirt barely covers my ass, and reveals everything when I bend over even a little. The skirt is so short you can see the suspenders holding up my seamed, fishnet stockings. I am not allowed to wear any heels less than six inches, and although I can barely walk in them Mr. Jeffrys has decided to reward my good performance at breakfast and lunch yesterday with a new pair of seven inch heels to go with my new corset.

When I look in the mirror I want to cry for the image that stares back at me is the perfect reflection of the type of slutty looking, dumb bimbo that every man is dying to fuck. And there's nothing I can do about my garish makeup as it's all been tattooed on, including my greatly enhanced cherry red lips that Mr. Jeffrys calls the 'perfect cock sucking lips.' My once brown hair is now a trashy, blonde that looks like I just got out of bed after a long night of fucking. Long pointed nails have been permanently glued to my fingers making it all but impossible to type.

When I enter Mr. Jeffrys office in the morning the real dread starts. As I serve him his morning coffee and Wall Street Journal paper he spreads his legs and curtly says, "Well Bambi, what are you waiting for, get to it."

With that I crawl under his desk, unzip his fly, take out a cock that once I get it stiff has to measure a good nine inches, and start what he calls his "morning wake up call." He says it's all part of my job description.

When I'm finally finished swallowing gobs and gobs of cum he inspects the floor to see if I've carelessly allowed any to dribble onto the carpet or, heaven help me, on his shoes. If I

have I must get down, lick it all up, and then polish his shoes.

"Very good, Bambi, you're finally learning to take a full load without dribbling. You can go to your desk and try typing without too many mistakes," he laughs.

"Yes sir, Mr. Jeffrys, sir," I say meekly. All I can think of is hoping against hope that he heads for the golf course after lunch. Regardless, at precisely one o'clock I have to wait for him to return, on all fours up on his desk. Only if he isn't back by two am I allowed to get off the desk and return to work.

I shudder if I hear him returning. He doesn't say anything. Just stands at the edge off the desk waiting for me to unzip him, take out his cock, suck for all I'm worth, and swallow as fast as I can without gagging, which he can't stand me doing.

He calls it my lunch, and humiliated beyond words I have to thank him for it.

"Thank you Mr. Jeffrys, sir. Lunch was, ah, v-very filling," I have to say every day.

So that's my miserable, degrading life, but how did I get there? My own downfall actually. For as long as I can remember I've been fascinated with women's underwear. Stupidly I started to wear panties to the office, then a bra, making sure to keep my jacket on. Finally I added dark nylons and a garter belt.

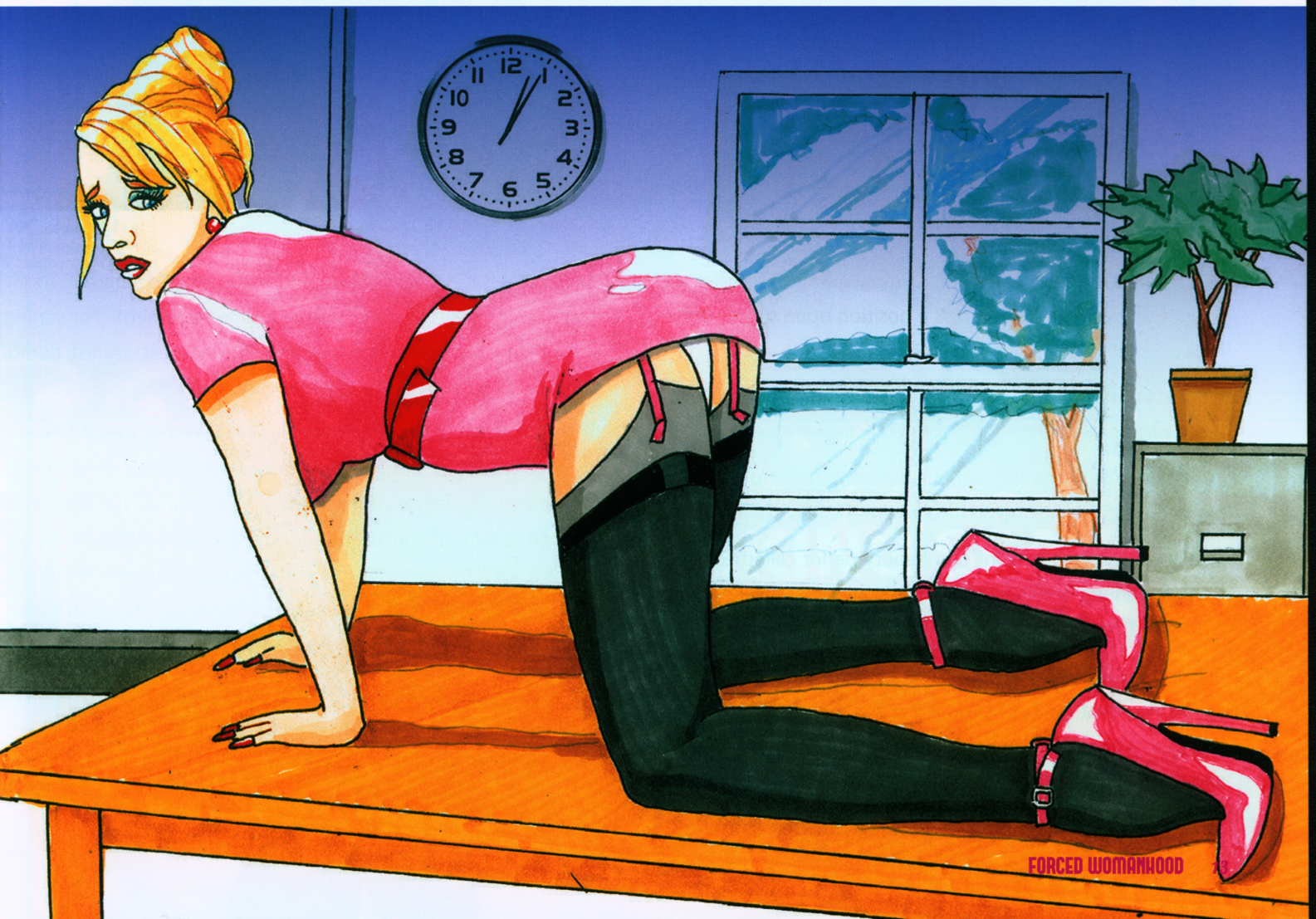
The morning of my downfall I was called into Ms. Wrights office, the head of human resources. I had no idea why she wanted to see me, but she looked mad as hell.

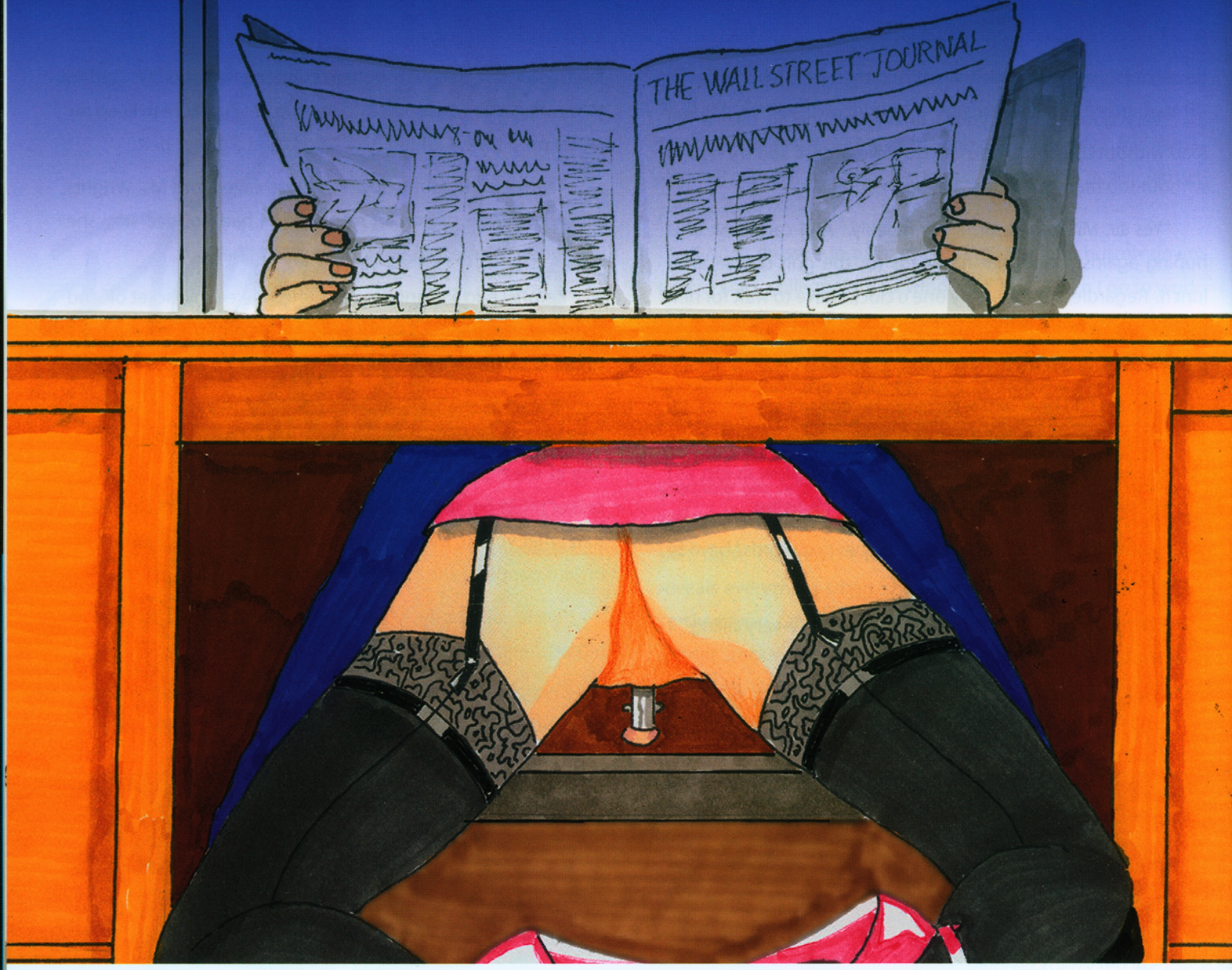
Before I had a chance to react she yanked my jacket off and snapped my bra. I was shocked, but even more so when she unbuckled my pants and jerked them down.

"It's what the girls suspected. They wondered why you started wearing your jacket all the time. They guessed when one of them saw the run in one of your stockings. So, you're one of those perverts who gets off wearing women's clothes. Is that what you do Mr. Green, get all girlied up and then jerk off in your panties?" she asked in obvious disgust.

"Well, obviously you won't be returning to the IT department," she said.

Totally humiliated and withering under her scorn I meekly said, "I-I'm so sorry Ms. Wright, of course I'll quit immediately."





"There's no need to quit. I'm simply going to transfer you to another department. There's a position open that's perfect for a person like you," she said with a smirk.

"I-I don't understand," I admitted, wondering what she meant by, "A person like me?"

"You'll see. You're coming with me," she ordered and I followed her out to her car, having no idea where she was taking me.

Finally we stopped in front of a beauty parlor called Glamour Gals. When we entered we were met by an amused woman who asked, "Is this her?"

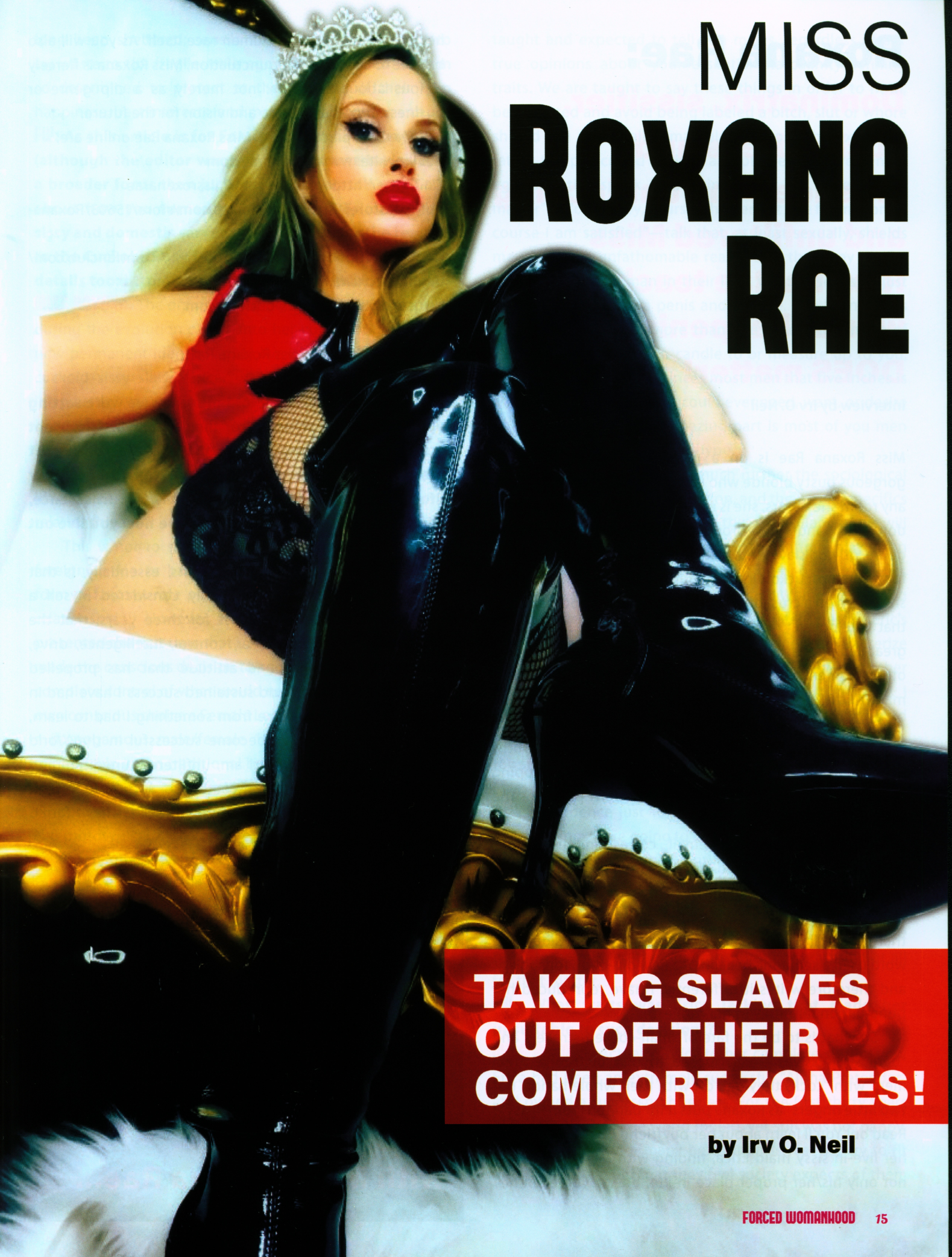
"No, but it soon will be," Ms. Wright assured her. I had no time to wonder what the hell she was talking about as I was strong armed to a chair. As soon as I sat down I felt a prick in my arm and that's all I remember.

Until I eventually woke up and was turned to a mirror. To say I was stunned and horrified was an understatement. For staring back at me was what I now look like. The sluttiest, sexiest, dumb bimbo that was every man's wet dream.

As I gaped at myself, still not believing what they'd done to me Ms. Wright gloatingly said, "Your new name is Bambi Lovit you're now Mr. Jeffrys new secretary, a position all the other girl refused to take. If you're wondering about your pitiful excuse fo a dick it's still there, barely, but you won't be doing any jerking of from now on. I'll be getting weekly performance reviews from Mr Jeffrys. One bad review and you're fired, think about that."

So that's how I come to be kneeling nervously on the desk watching the clock, hoping against hope that Mr. Jeffrys ha headed to the golf course.

Oh God, is that his car pulling up?



MISS ROXANA RAE

TAKING SLAVES OUT OF THEIR COMFORT ZONES!

by Irv O. Neil

Roxana Rae:

Dominatrix, sissifier, cuckoldress and crusader, the unflinching and unfiltered Miss Roxana Rae teaches the world that penis size DOES matter!

Interview by Irv O. Neil

Miss Roxana Rae is on a mission of myth-busting. A gorgeous busty blonde who ups the male drool quotient in any room she enters, she is not only an online and real-time dominatrix and video producer in the female domination genre, driving slaves into frenzies through tease and denial, foot worship, cuckolding, and humiliation and feminization; she is also on a crusade to destroy forever the societal myth that "size doesn't matter." Penis size, of course. It matters a great deal to Miss Roxana and she knows it matters to many other women who are tired of putting up with modest male endowments that don't satisfy their erotic needs. And through the profitable pursuit of her dominatrix craft, and by spreading her illuminating gospel of penile truths to men and women everywhere, Miss Roxana is hoping to knock down a few of the more stubborn pillars of the temple of the patriarchy.

Miss Roxana, in our email correspondence, once took me to task and asked why I "failed" to spell femdom as FemDom, as she does. I explained that I considered femdom a sexual preference, like heterosexuality, and therefore I didn't capitalize it. She, however, considers the word itself a semantic beacon of a new direction for society, and therefore writes it differently. I have reproduced her punctuation faithfully in her replies.

So what is to be the fate of small-cocked strokers and "beta submissives"—as opposed to that of "Alpha" "real men" with "cocks they jerk off with their whole hands, not two little fingers" as Roxana puts it in "Banned From Pussy"? Read on! You'll learn about her boyfriend Eric, who became her live-in sissy maid Erica, finding with Miss Roxana Rae not only his/her proper place in life, but maybe even his/her proper place in the human race itself. As you will also be able to see from her punctuation, Miss Roxana is fiercely serious about FemDom: not merely as a clip genre or business, but as a lifestyle and vision for the future.

The best places to find Miss Roxana Rae online are:
Her website: www.roxanarae.com
On Twitter: http://twitter.com/missroxanarae
Her clipstore: https://iwantclips.com/store/15603/Roxana-Rae
Her subscription fan club: https://iwantfanclub.com/timeline/roxana_rae
Her email: Sissyinsatin@outlook.com

Now let's chat with Miss Roxana Rae...

FORCED WOMANHOOD: You told me when we were setting up this interview that you're "the genuine article," "not acting, embellishing, or role play." What does that mean exactly? Femdom is not just your job but your lifestyle? You live femdom full-time 24/7? In essence, what I'm asking is for you to describe how you live out your genuine femdom life.

MISS ROXANA RAE: What that means, essentially, is that despite the fact that I have only considered Myself a Professional FemDom Goddess for three years, that the confidence, strength, power, control, intelligence, drive, Dominance, Ambition and attitude that has propelled Me to the elite status and sustained success I have had in this Industry did not arise from something I had to learn, act, pretend or fake to become successful in the World of FemDom. It's just who I am, unfiltered, unedited, and definitely in no way sugar-coated so as not to offend the delicate sensibilities and foundation that have for so

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Sissyinsatin@outlook.com

Now let's chat with Miss Roxana Rae...

long been sheltered; sensibilities sheltered so as not to lay waste to the fragile male ego that most Women seem so determined to protect at the expense of their own happiness, best interests, and most flagrantly the truth.

FW: As this article is for Forced Womanhood magazine (although the editor wants, in the domme interviews, a broader focus than just feminization), tell us a little about how you turned your boyfriend Eric into your sissy and domestic servant Erica; we'll refer the readers to the Cuckold/Sissy Diaries blog on your site for fuller details too: http://www.roxanarae.com/warning.html.

MISS ROXANA: The dramatic transformation that took place during the evolution of Eric into her current, rightful, and now permanent identity as My live-in, lifestyle submissive cuckold sissy slave "Erica," was in large part the basis, introduction, or first intimate and personal encounter that I had with the lifestyle realm of FemDom, of Feminization, Humiliatrix, the cuckold/sissy world in fetish/lifestyle overlap with My everyday relationships as a real viable lifestyle identity within the context of My daily interpersonal relationships.

This is not to say that the concepts were completely foreign to Me or had never entered into My life in the form of fantasy, role play or unintended circumstances in relationships. However, this relationship with Eric/Erica presented the first time that I, as a Dominant Alpha Female, made the conscious decision to adopt this identity in taking complete control of what would necessarily become by My own conscious choice a Female Led Relationship rather than a monogamous male/female "vanilla" equal partnership relationship in the traditional boyfriend/girlfriend context.

At the onset of My relationship with Eric, he had by all outward appearances what would be characterized as the prototypical Alpha male type identity/personality and attributes primarily, as many others I have known like him in the course of My life experience—because this is what had always been expected of him. Athletic, intelligent and physically attractive, it is no secret that this is the identity mold that is most often expected of a successful man in society and he outwardly played the role well as an educated successful professional.

While not formally identifying myself at that time as a "Dominant Alpha Female," all of the traits that made up that identity were present and in place, hidden discreetly behind the learned polite female deference to the male ego-driven society that has been the mainstay for most of the history of western civilization. There is "the talk," the company line, if you will, for females: what we are all taught and expected to tell you males, regardless of our true opinions about your essential masculinity-defining traits. We are taught to say these things in order to fit in, be accepted and avoid being labeled a bitch, slut or whore should the potentially emasculating words be expressed rather the prescribed socially acceptable non-threatening ego-insulating speak. E.g., saying things like, "Size doesn't matter" or "oh Honey, yours is the perfect size for me" or "of course I am satisfied"—talk that, at least sexually, shields men from the unfathomable reality that they may not be everything the woman in their lives wanted sexually, just by showing up with a penis and a smile. The "none of us have ever been with more than five other men, none of whom could ever hold a candle to or measure up to you, honey" mantra that convinces most men that five inches is all any reasonable woman could ever need, want, or desire to be satisfied; and the amazing part is most of you men eventually believe your own hype.

Without belaboring too much further the sociological context giving rise to the situation, and the menial specifics of what began the argument on that particular day, we will just say that I had become unwilling to continue playing an ongoing active participating role in perpetuating the lies and sexual oppression that have plagued Women for as long as they have roamed the earth. Unfortunately, despite Eric's other Alpha-like attributes, it would be kind to characterize his bulge as a "modest" endowment. After yet another inadequate, unsatisfying attempt at sexual intercourse, I simply hit him squarely upside the face with the cold hard truth about his inadequacy, the fact that his tiny penis was too small to ever please me or any Woman sexually, and that I was no longer willing to perpetuate his charade of Alpha male confidence just to boost his little boy ego. Simply stated, things were going to change drastically between us, or there would no longer continue to be any "us." I was no longer willing to defer to his overcompensating attempts at being an Alpha pretender because, not only was he too tiny to satisfy me sexually, but he also lacked the requisite traits to be making the decisions in our relationship at all for that matter.

FW: What traits was Erica lacking that made her unsuitable to such decisions?

MISS ROXANA: Actually, prior to her complete submission, Erica had been an extremely successful "Alpha Pretender" and owned a successful business. For the first thirty years of her life she had the world fooled, yet still was not happy. This is the case with many beta submissives that try to fit into the Alpha mold that they feel society expects of them

as they are socialized.

When Erica met Me, it became clear to her that not only was her pathetic micropenis physically inadequate to satisfy a Goddess like Myself sexually, but she finally felt that she had found her true place in the World at My feet. She was naturally happy in her new role as My beta submissive cuckold slave because that was the role she was born to play in the life of a Dominant Alpha Female, and until that point this had just not been an option that she was aware of, and it changed her life.

He was going to have to accept, without reservation, My definition of a FEMALE LED RELATIONSHIP in complete submission to serving Me and My desires above all else. If he didn't like it, I was gone, no hesitation, no further discussion. When faced with the ultimatum, the prospect of completely losing My presence from his life, it frankly amazed me to see how easily he submitted to My demands. Although I am sure not in any way he was fully contemplating the extent to which his life would be changing, for him there was no choice. I was his Alpha, always had been and will be; he knew when faced with it, back against the wall, that he would be lost without Me, and from that point on there would be no further curtailing My Dominant Female instincts. This is not to say this was by any means an easy or completely seamless transition of total power and authority to the new Matriarchy in his life; in fact much of his cuckold/sissy diaries are the product of the life-changing struggles that would follow for him as I began the process of emasculating, feminizing, dominating and retraining him to be the submissive sissy slave I expected. But, as time passed, it fit so much better, his life improved upon accepting and embracing his beta role. He found purpose in his complete submission and service to Me as his Goddess and ultimately in his happiness realizing his rightful place in life, at My feet as My beta slave rather than at My side as an equal.

FW: Since Erica has become your full-time live-in slave, do you now support her or does she still have a job in the outside world?

MISS ROXANA: Erica works for Me now on a full time basis. Erica is My slave and does not get a normal salary per se, however obviously she does have living expenses that are covered as her compensation for her work as My Personal Assistant for the business. In addition to her Personal Assistant duties she is also My domestic servant/maid, cook, foot slave, etc., so she is on call 24/7 for whatever needs or desires I may have at any given moment.

FW: If Erica's family and friends know about her transformation into your beta sissy, how do they react?

MISS ROXANA: It is My understanding that some of them do know. As My 24/7 live-in domestic slave and Personal Assistant the reality of her lifestyle has become unavoidably connected to her personal identity. The decision to become a 24/7 live-in slave is a life-changing act of devotion on the part of a submissive, and when it is made they must be fully prepared to put My needs above their own at all times.

FW: In your opinion, is "betaness" a quality of penis size, of personality, and/or both? In other words, if a small-cocked guy resisted your attempts to make him your beta, would that show that being an Alpha or beta is actually in the mind and not wholly in the cock?

MISS ROXANA: This is a complicated question, but I will do My best to break it down in a simple response. A small penis

is by no means the only trait that qualifies a man to be a beta. I have many well-endowed men that are best suited as beta male submissives both sexually and socially.

The universal trait that exists in all beta boys is their submissive nature. This, however, can be difficult to pinpoint as boys are socialized and brainwashed to believe that being submissive equates to weakness, which is not a trait that they are encouraged to show outwardly at the risk of being shunned and ridiculed by society. Most men build a thick wall around their greatest insecurities and spend most of their lives fortifying these defenses, which manifests itself in the overcompensating behavior that you see in so many males; as a result of their obsession with hiding any traits that they fear will emasculate them in the eyes of the World.

FW: So what is your personal vision of a Female Led Relationship and Female Led World mentioned by Erica in the Cuckold Diaries on your site?

MISS ROXANA: It is simply a matriarchal society within which Women, especially Alpha Females, have taken their proper role leading mankind. Our society is quickly evolving and the testosterone-fueled, self-serving, destructive nasty brutish and short patriarchal leadership mold is no longer ideal, and in fact has become detrimental to the advancement of mankind at this point.

FW: And that last one is where you talk about teasing a "laughable disaster of a dick" with a glimpse of your unattainable feminine treasure. Well, what are the most popular themes or subjects of your custom videos for which your fans suggest the concepts? And what was a particular wild or memorable one?

MISS ROXANA: Most of My custom requests revolve around the subject of small penis humiliation and cuckolding, which obviously are specialties of mine. I did recently finish an epic 60-minute custom clip, however, in which I was a villainess (Foot Fetish Goddess Roxy Rae) who uses the pungent power of My perfect peds to reduce the Mighty Batman to My pathetic foot slave (footman) while taking control of Gotham City.

FW: Sounds epic indeed. Well, what are your favorite things to do with slaves, online, in person, over Skype or KIK?

MISS ROXANA: I enjoy having My slaves perform tasks that amuse Me and make Me laugh. I often have them dress up, choreograph a dance, or use whatever unique or amusing talent they may have to entertain their Goddess.

FW: After I first contacted you to do this interview, you sent me via Twitter Direct Messages pix of pigs in troughs, telling me to "oink" in what I took as a role play sort of thing, sending me stickies of pig snouts...I resisted in my characteristically humorous manner, as I like to keep things professional with my interview subjects and don't want to come across as someone looking for free thrills. But is this a technique

you use with your slaves for indoctrination, teasing, roleplaying? And any other techniques you use?

MISS ROXANA: I like to set the tone with men. I honestly feel that, to some extent, all men are pigs and are controlled more often by their primal animal instinct or pleasure-seeking hedonistic urges rather than rational thinking. I like to let them know from the start that I know what they really are and exactly how to handle them, so that there is no confusion about My intentions.

FW: What subservient things do you most prefer slaves doing for you?

MISS ROXANA: I really enjoy having My feet worshiped by a sub that is skilled in this area and able to provide a foot massage; focusing on My pleasure without succumbing to his sexual impulses.

FW: Do vanilla guys ever try to dabble in the Roxana Rae Experience and end up becoming submissive and kinky? Or do you feel they were always kinky & just waiting for an excuse to try it?

MISS ROXANA: Many men have a certain fantasy or sexual desire that they suppress within their vanilla relationships and/or lifestyle. They are often embarrassed about their fetish or fantasy, and as a result do not want to be the one to suggest it openly for fear of rejection or mockery. I have become skilled at identifying these subjects and introducing them in the context of My interaction so that the sub can explore his fetish as part of his submission. Generally men are more comfortable with exploring their kinks when I force them to do so, rather than simply requesting the subject. My role is to identify these trigger areas and use them to control My subs while also allowing them to be comfortable exploring their own sexuality.

FW: What is a "Loser Life Coach" session, which is one of the things you list on your site? And what do you accomplish with those?

MISS ROXANA: We live in a society that has traditionally favored the Alpha Male persona as being the ideal for males to aspire to if they want to be considered a "real man." Many of My subs are what I call Alpha pretenders, a term I've mentioned before: they build up an Alpha exterior because that is what society has told them is expected of a man to be respected and successful. But I break through this misplaced socialization with beta males who struggle to accept the reality of their true submissive selves in an Alpha-controlled world. I help them accept their rightful place at the feet of a Superior Dominant Female by means of My "beta acceptance therapy" and teach them that being a beta male does not make them a worthless human being. I adjust their thinking and expectations so that the values that enable them to feel successful revolve around serving and being the best beta they can be, rather than constantly attempting to live up to an Alpha standard that is unrealistic for them given their physical and genetic limitations.

FW: Speaking of physical limitations, now let's discuss the theme for which you are quite renowned. Have you always been obsessed with small penises and assigning them their proper place in the carnal cosmos? I mean, does your interest in the appropriate destinies for pindicks pre-date your becoming a pro-domme?

MISS ROXANA: This "obsession" as you call it is often mischaracterized as some sort of affinity for tiny dicks, which could not be further from the truth. My objective is merely to spread the light of truth on the dark shameful myth that size doesn't matter. Women are taught to never criticize the size of a man's endowment in large part to shelter the fragile male ego from the cold hard truth of reality.

Tiny dicks simply are not physically capable of providing a Woman with the same kind of pleasure and satisfaction as well-endowed men with large cocks. This is a fact and is a truth that too commonly ignored and glossed over to the detriment of Female Sexual satisfaction.

In creating The Tiny Dick Registry, I am doing nothing more than bringing the truth to light and making it public knowledge so that the lie is no longer perpetuated. I identify inadequate males, register them, and make others aware of this reality so that it does not end up being revealed to some poor unsuspecting Woman when it is already too late and could have been avoided. I consider My Registry a public service to females everywhere and the proper registration of all inadequate men a civic duty of the highest order in a civilized society.

FW: Likewise, your focus on feminization and cuckolding—was this something that you had before you became a findomme and femdomme? And overall, why do you think you have this strong focus on tiny dicks, feminization and cuckolding? Is it personal, or a good angle for your business as a domme, or a "branding" technique? Or all of these reasons?

MISS ROXANA: Feminization is just one of the tools I use on inadequate men to reinforce the reality of their pathetic inadequacy and serve as a constant reminder to beta males that their proper role in sexuality is to facilitate the procreation of Alpha Female and Male reproduction and

submissively tend to living a life of service to their Alpha superiors.

FW: You have over 100 guys on your Tiny Dick Registry. How did this concept initially come about and what are the benefits of registering?

MISS ROXANA: It's actually closer to 200 now, but as stated above, the point of My Registry is to identify sexually inadequate beta males and register them so that they can begin accepting their beta reality and living a life of servitude and submission to superior Alpha Females rather than living a lie as an Alpha pretender which inevitably results in failure, disappointment and depression for all.

Once identified, the beta male is required to pay his $25 enrollment fee and submit his dick pic and the name desired on his official online ID. I take this information and complete the evaluation, issue the online digital ID, and then include the beta in My Public Tiny Dick Registry which is on My website at www.roxanarae.com.

FW: Well, let's discuss chastity slaves. In your experience, what makes guys desire chastity?

MISS ROXANA: There are various motivations to endure a term in chastity; they range from a humiliation fetish to the inability of a male to control his own sexual urges without proper Female oversight. It is a fact of life that men do not maintain a sufficient blood supply to operate both an erect penis and rational cognitive function simultaneously. This is just one of the many flaws rendering males inferior as a gender to Females. As such, a smart woman will not leave Her male chattel to his own devices, and by locking him in Her chastity, she takes this flaw out of the picture.

I offer 30 day terms in My chastity as a key holder for My subs to voluntarily submit to chastity; and for others, I mandate chastity. My key holding services during this time period are $150, to mail the lock to the sub and then upon locking maintain communication during the 30 day term to train the sub and provide tasks and humiliation during the term of his chastity. If a sub is in My chastity, I require proof of locking and also demand daily photo confirmation of such. If the sub has removed the device during his term without permission, he is subsequently punished accordingly.

FW: Please give me examples of tasks or humiliations for your chastity slaves.

MISS ROXANA: The tasks provided are uniquely assigned based on the individual rather than on a general basis as all subs have different hot buttons that I work hard to identify

while holding their keys.

For those subs that are also aroused by the cuckold fetish, I often begin their training by overlapping the two fetishes in one task. For example, on an evening I have a date planned with a well-endowed Alpha Male, the sub will serve as My digital cuckold for the evening. I begin by sending him pictures as I get ready for My date, to tease his locked cock by showing him what he can't have. As the evening moves on, I continue to send the digital cuckold teasing pics while on My date accompanied by constant reminders about how I am out with a real man and he is at home in My Chastity where he belongs because he is not man enough to be the kind of man I date. During the evening I also send the cuckold pictures of the receipts for any expenses, drinks, dinner, tickets, whatever it may be, and as My cuckold chastity slave he is expected to reimburse these expenses.

The final humiliation of the evening usually consists of allowing him to purchase the panties I wore all evening on My date, which I then mail to him in a vacuum-sealed package so he can worship the Alpha pussy that he serves but will never get.

FW: Well, what are some of the most embarrassing or humiliating things you've had slaves do?

MISS ROXANA: One humiliating situation I enjoy is to take a slave to Victoria's Secret to do some lingerie shopping. Eagerly the slave accepts the invitation, unaware that when we arrive, it will be the slave that is to be measured for proper bra and panty size when I inform the salesgirl that we are doing some sissy shopping. Another scenario I enjoy is making a slave go to the local drug store or sex store and ask a salesperson for assistance with finding snugger fit or small condoms.

FW: And in real life, do you, or would you, actually do things like having a sissy slave eat your creampies or some such scenarios popular in slave fantasies?

MISS ROXANA: This is an extremely intimate situation that would only take place with a long-term trusted cuckold slave and a bull; but the answer is Yes, I am a Cuckoldress and this is part of cuckolding.

FW: You said in a previous 2016 interview on the website DommeAddiction.com that you keep your domme existence separate from the rest of your life. Is that still the case, especially as you've been more constantly visible and prominent online since you made that statement?

MISS ROXANA: As I have become more successful in this industry it has become increasingly difficult to separate the FemDom life from My everyday one. I am still in the process of figuring out exactly how to best integrate the two, but I am proud of the success I am having and do not intend to slow down anytime soon, so if the two overlap, I will find a way to make it work.

FW: But may I ask how vanilla friends and family react so far if they know about your business and relationship with Erica, and how you deal with them?

MISS ROXANA: For the most part My vanilla friends and family are proud of Me and support the success I have had in creating, building and maintaining a successful business on My own. As one would expect, people with a "vanilla background" are usually curious about this lifestyle, and although they may not understand all of the specifics of this profession, they are none the less supportive of My success and happiness.

FW: Do you ever get recognized as Miss Roxana Rae when you're out in the world, or do you look different in daily life, less makeup or some such?

MISS ROXANA: I dress much more conservatively on a daily basis than I do for FemDom. I love dressing up and looking sexy, but it is a lot of work and those shoes and clothes you men love so much are not built for comfort; they make being a bitch easy.

FW: (Laughs) And the necessity for good foot massages all the more urgent, I would imagine! Well, I think we've covered a lot of territory, Miss Roxana. Thanks for your time and this glimpse into your domme life!

Author's Bio:

For many years and under many names, Irv O. Neil aka Neil Wexler has contributed interviews, articles, fiction and reviews to many erotic magazines and websites as both a writer and editor. His previous interviews for Forced Womanhood were with Veronica Vera, famous dean of a New York City cross dressing academy, and Princess Sheridan, renowned online dominatrix and clip producer.

You can read more about Irv's work on his blog "Erotica Is My Trade" at http://irvoneil.wordpress.com.

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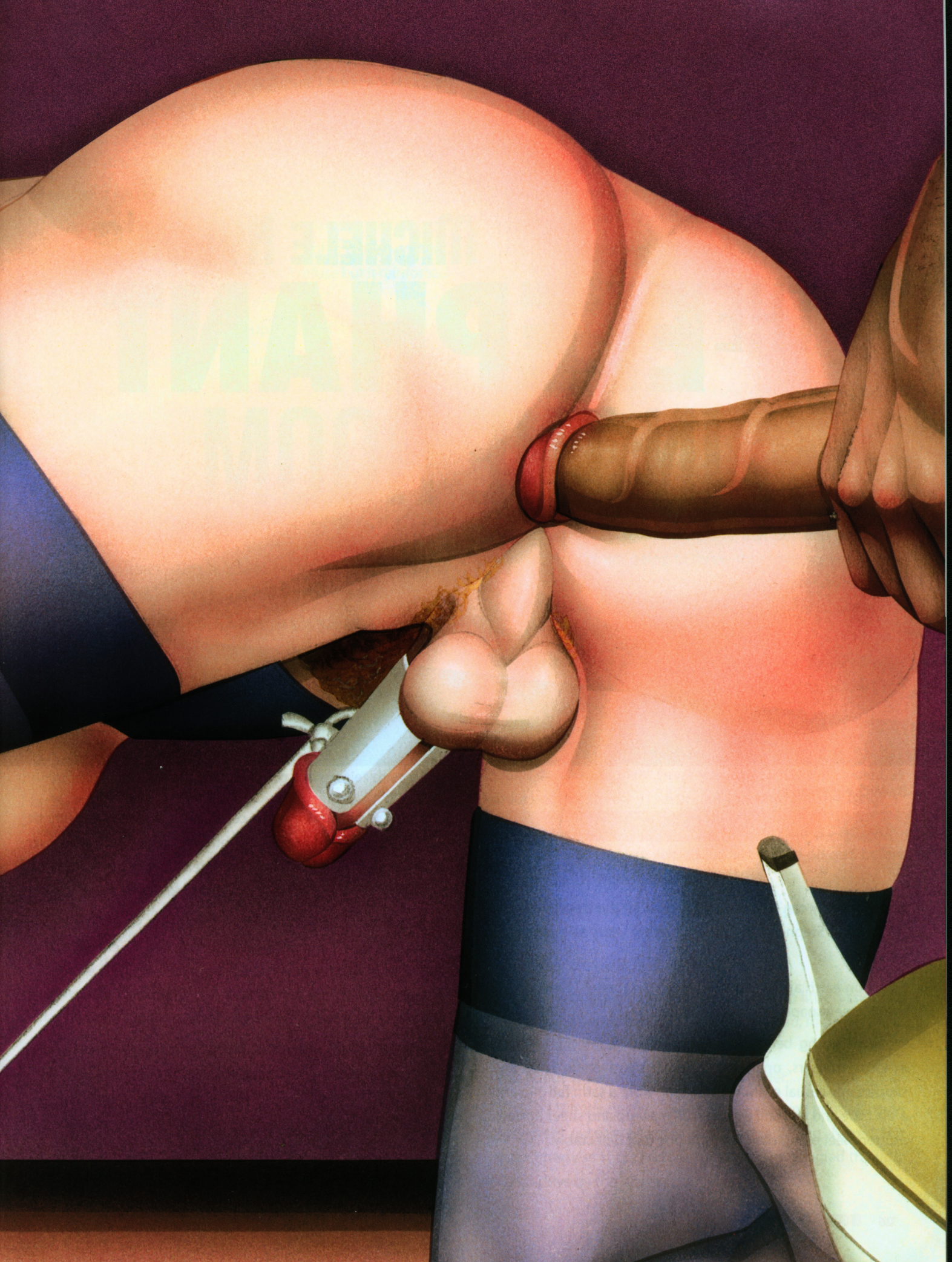


Michele Nylon's
THE ELEPHANT IN THE ROOM

By MicheleNylons

CHAPTER ONE

"We simply can't go on any longer with the elephant in the room Stephen," my wife of twenty years said matter of factly.

"What on earth are you talking about Elizabeth," I lowered my evening newspaper to meet her gaze.

We were sitting beside the fire drinking sherry, me dressed in loose trousers, open-necked shirt, silk evening robe and slippers; my casual evening attire. She wore a satin full-slip and a silk robe and was still wearing full makeup and sheer hosiery, a kitten-heel pump dangled from one foot delectably.

"I found your trunk in the cellar darling; and the pathetic collection of knick-knacks that you keep in the bottom drawer of the desk in your study," she said, reaching into her handbag sitting on the floor beside the overstuffed chair.

She carefully lifted a semen encrusted nylon stocking, holding it gingerly between her fingertips, and then an equally soiled pair of satin panties, which she dropped on the little side table. She then reached into the bag and produced a flash drive, which she dropped beside the incriminating objects.

I paled and was unable to speak. I simply stared at the condemnatory objects with horror.

"I know you've had a fetish for stockings, knickers and such since I met you; Christ you are useless to me in bed unless I'm dressed like some modern day Betty Page. Rather ironic given that my name is Elizabeth."

"I've lived with that and I do find your endeavours in bed

delightful when I'm dressed that way but recently I've wondered if it was you who you wanted to be dressed like the tart rather than me," she reached for a cigarette.

Normally as a gentleman I would light it for my wife but I was still frozen stiff; absolutely petrified.

She exhaled and blew her smoke my way.

"On the odd occasion, usually after too many gin and tonics, when you have requested to wear sheer tights to bed, to, how did you say it, 'to spice things up,' I didn't refuse but it reinforced my feelings about the severity of your fetish."

I tried to reply but Elizabeth held up her hand.

"No need to speak darling; not until I've said my piece," she went on.

"Over the years I've found other little oddities. I noticed sometimes what looked like the remains of eyeliner or mascara on your eyelids and little red crescents of nail polish on your fingernails where it hadn't been properly removed."

"Then of course I found the trunk. Lots of lingerie; that came as no surprise, but the makeup, the wigs the high-heels? Some half-decent dresses, skirts and blouses by the way; and some abominably awful," she smiled at me dispassionately.

"Of course I made the assumption that you were crossdressing; how laughably British!" her red lips turned to a sneer.

"Then I found your little treasure trove in the study, where doubtlessly you fidget with yourself pitiably while looking at videos or pictures on your computer. Those stockings and knickers undoubtedly wrapped around your tally-whacker," she pointed at the pathetic crusty stocking and panties screwed up on the table.

She finished her sherry and poured more from the decanter. She didn't offer me any.

"But when I plugged that little drive into your computer a whole new dreadful world opened up to me. You really were stupid to put all of your links, logins and passwords on that one little flash drive."

I wanted to crawl away and die but I remained petrified in my chair, unable to move, unable to talk.

"'Stephanie;' really? Couldn't you come with a better name than that? And you really need to work on your makeup skills darling, you don't do a bad job with the wigs and the clothes but it's so obvious you are a man in a frock in all those pictures. Of course quite a few of the pictures make that obvious with your John Thomas poking out from your knickers," she mocked.

My pallor went from pale to deep red.

"I've also seen your deplorable home page on that TVChix site; just as well one can't make out who you are under that clown makeup," she lit another cigarette.

"And all those other sites you regularly visit; all transgender related. Men dressed as women fornicating with each other or men fornicating with cross-dressed men for god sake."

"So back to the elephant in the room. What am I to do?"

"I could divorce you; scandalise you, make you a social pariah. My god Stephen! You'd likely lose your job!" she sipped more sherry.

I started to shake with fear.

"Or we could go on as always, with the elephant getting bigger until it one day it suffocates us."

I breathed a sigh of relief.

"But we are not going to do either."

"Stephen; we have been happily married for twenty years, no children of course but we made that decision before we married, and I'm not going to throw those twenty years away. But I'm not going to put up with you being a closet crossdresser; is what I believe they call them?" she drew on her cigarette and I found my voice.

"I'll stop! I'll throw it all away and never do it again! I'll wipe my computer clean and close down my online accounts," I beseeched my wife.

She laughed derisively; it was shrill and cutting.

"Don't be silly Stephen! Don't you think I haven't studied all about your fetish when I suspected you were crossdressing?"

"Crossdressers purge all the time...and then they start again. They can't stop; they're addicted. I bet you've purged before haven't you?" the question was rhetorical.

"I won't have the secrecy!" she slammed her palm down on the little table.

"Then what are we to do?" I whispered.

"I'm taking charge! That's what you pathetic little sissies like isn't it? To be dominated by a beautiful woman; to be her maid, to be her slave?" she took another drink.

I was about to speak but she held up a finger.

"It will be like this. We will never discuss this and you will never cross-dress outside of when we are roleplaying. Never! Not once, otherwise these pictures get out," she dangled the little thumb drive by the lanyard.

"I will be in control. We will pander to your fetish; but when, and only when, it suits me. Do you understand!" she bellowed.

"Yes," I whimpered.

"What!" she shrieked at me.

"Yes ma'am," I snivelled.

"Good. I will make this simple. When I say the words and only when I say the words 'Where is Stephanie?' You will reply 'I'll go and fetch her ma'am' and we will indulge your peccadillos ok?" she stared at me menacingly.

"Yes of course dear. Thank you Elizabeth," I sighed with relief.

"Now throw those disgusting objects in the bin and make us some tea will you darling," she pointed at the crusty stocking and knickers.

She dropped the flash drive back into her handbag and gave me a severe look, which transformed into a wry smile.

"Do run along Stephen," she said.

She lifted her evening newspaper from her lap and began to read it as if nothing had happened.

To say I was dazed and confused would be an understatement; for one I couldn't believe I'd been found out; I'd always dreaded that one day that it might happen. But for Elizabeth to lay down the ultimatum that she did was astonishing! I would be allowed to cross-dress but only at her convenience.

She surprised me that night by coming to bed still dressed in her satin full slip, sheer tights, full-cut satin knickers and full makeup. This was usually a signal to me that we were to have sex but I was reticent to explore if that was the case given the night's events.

She lay with her back to me reading a magazine by the light of her bedside lamp. I decided to try my luck and snuggled up to her; my erect penis found the groove between her buttocks and rubbed on her knickers.

Elizabeth pushed me away angrily.

"What on earth do you think you're going?" she hissed.

"After our discussion this evening how could you even think that I was going to let you put your wretched penis anywhere near me. Get over to your side of the bed and go to sleep!" she said tersely.

I reluctantly scooted over to my side of the bed and stared at the ceiling; Elizabeth snapped off her bedside lamp. I lay there thinking for a good while; contemplating the evening's events when I slowly became aware of a rustling sound. It was coming from my wife's side of the bed.

I tuned her way and through the gloom I witnessed the most astounding thing; the rustling was caused by the sheets moving in concert with my wife's movements under the bedclothes. Her breathing was laboured and she was quietly whinnying.

My god she was masturbating!

My wife and I had never discussed sex in any great detail; our generation took for granted that men masturbated to relieve themselves when necessary. But women! I assumed that girls might masturbate at boarding school or alone at night in their early teens thinking of some boy who had taken their fancy.

But my wife was in her forties! And she was brazenly masturbating in bed beside me!

I had never seen Elizabeth touch herself in all our years together, even when we were young and experimental. I found the sight and sounds of her masturbating extremely arousing and I pulled down my underpants and gripped my erect penis.

I began to stroke myself earnestly as my wife rubbed herself wantonly in the bed beside me.

Suddenly she stopped and turned over; a vicious look on her face. She slapped my hand away from my penis.

"Stop that you degenerate! You get no relief unless I allow you to do so! Do you understand?" she hissed.

"Yes! Of course darling," I blubbered.

"Good. Now go to sleep. As you are of no use to me I will take care of my own needs; you will not interfere when I do, and you will certainly not take care of your own needs when I do," she rolled back over on her side.

The rustling started again and I felt the bed begin to shake. Elizabeth began to moan and sigh and as she reached her crescendo she gave out a high pitched whine that I sometimes heard when she genuinely orgasmed when we were having sex.

A pungent smell of ladies sex assaulted my nose as she pulled back the sheets and arose from the bed and made her way to the ensuite bathroom. Water ran for a while and then she entered her walk-in robe. She emerged scrubbed of makeup and glistening with moisturiser; sans silken slip and tights; now clad in a sexless cotton nightdress.

I rolled over and tried to sleep as she slipped under the covers. My erection refused to subside and sometime during the night I had a nocturnal emission, dreaming of fucking Elizabeth, both of us wearing full makeup, silk stockings, satin panties and high

heels.

I dabbed at the mess with my pajama sleeve and then fell into a deep sleep. The musty smell of semen seeped from the bed linens.

I didn't see Elizabeth lying on her side facing me with one eye open.

The next few weeks were torture; as we agreed, we didn't discuss my crossdressing and I refrained from dressing myself or engaging in any form stimulation on the Internet. I was frustrated both sexually and mentally; I was not allowed sexual release and the craving to crossdress was almost unbearable. Elizabeth was right; even if I had purged I would have had to have gone right out to replace all of the clothes, wigs, shoes and makeup, the urge to crossdress was undeniable.

I became acutely aware of how the women around me were dressed. Most of the younger generation of women seemed to be waging war on femininity; hosiery was sneered at, makeup was minimal and clothing was dowdy and 'comfortable'. But in the office, where I was one of two senior partners, we had a dress code and most of the women were mature and sophisticated by necessity.

I noticed every flick of a skirt, every rustle of a stocking, the click-clack of high heels on the parquetry floor, every scintilla of perfume, mascara clinging to lashes, and red lipstick carefully applied to full lips. It was like the women of my world were in a conspiracy to torture me by their very womanliness.

To make matters worse, at home Elizabeth seemed to be persecuting me too. Liz had always been one for being well dressed; that's one of the very reasons I became enthralled with her and married her. Her mother was of generation who insisted that a lady always wore makeup, nylons and dressed nicely, even if one were just staying home. 'You never know who might turn up and when' was her motto.

But now it seemed that her makeup was bolder, her eyes darker, her cheeks pinker, and her luscious lips redder and fuller. She had her hair cut and styled and wore it straight with a fringe, cut so that it just touched her shoulders. She'd always had black hair but she'd obviously had it dyed raven black with subtle merlot highlights. It looked wonderful and took five years off her. When I complimented her she shrugged it off claiming that a 'change is as good as a holiday.'

But there were also other differences. She had taken to wearing

stockings instead of tights when the fancy took her and her choice of dress or skirt allowed. The fully fashioned kind that required a suspender belt and she continually wore high heels around the house and made a habit of absentmindedly dangling a shoe from her foot whilst seated. But I wasn't so sure if it was absent-mindedness or more subtle torture.

When she elected to wear stockings she also wore silk French knickers because she claimed briefs would catch on her garter belt. Not that I got to discuss Elizabeth's underwear with her; nowadays the subject was taboo.

"I quite like those French knickers," I had simply said to her one day when I walked past her walk-in robe while she was dressing.

"They're worn for practicality Stephen, not for titillation," she'd replied sharply.

But she was lying. Her whole wardrobe changed suddenly; her dresses were tighter, better fitting; she'd developed a penchant for pencil skirts and satin blouses, tight-fitting business suits with kick-pleated skirts were de rigueur when out on the High Street attending to the household transactions. Housedresses were exchanged for sheath dresses, often with a split seam that showed a lot of leg. One particularly warm day she even wore a pair of black velvet hotpants with sheer flesh-toned tights, strappy high-heels and dress t-shirt. I walked around the house all day hiding a constant erection.

Elizabeth seemed to be out and about more and started to stop by the office regularly and I'm sure this was to further tease and torment me. I noticed all the heads turn, the men outright ogling her, or subtly leering; their eyes clamped on her legs and buttocks in those tight skirts and dresses. The office girls cooed over her new look and the more senior ladies hardly disguised their jealousy.

She made a point of perching herself on the corner of my desk so that her skirt rode up her legs displaying acres of nylon-clad thigh, or on some days a chocolate stocking welt. I seemed to get a lot of male visitors to my office when she was there. Her crocodile smile did not hide the ridicule and torment that she was subtly putting me through.

Despite my penchant for crossdressing I did desperately love my wife; I adored her and the withholding of sex was nearly crippling me. Elizabeth had always been beautiful, she was tall, with a trim body and long legs and pert breasts, kept that way by frequent yoga sessions. And now at forty she had blossomed into mature womanhood, her new choices in hairstyle, makeup and clothing had caught more than just my attention.

Elizabeth had also become more gregarious and outgoing; she had never been a wallflower and was always opinionated but she often had to be coaxed to air her views or to become engaged at social and private functions. She would find excuses not to show up or complain bitterly about having to attend the many dinners, soirees, and events that my profession demanded.

Now she leapt at every opportunity to mingle with our friends, peers and acquaintances. She laboured over her preparation, ensuring her makeup and hair was perfect and she always wore something that although it might not be downright revealing, certainly showed off her assets to full advantage. Split dresses that revealed her long legs clad in shimmering hose; often my favourite fully-fashioned stockings whereby a tasteful glimpse of dark gauzy welt and glittering garter snap were displayed. Low cut dresses revealing her pert décolletage; everything was tight, displaying her ample but delicious buttocks, wide hips and trim waist to full advantage.

Her reference to Betty Page on that fateful evening of the elephant in the room often sprang to mind when I saw her dressed to the nines.

She was bubbly and attracted men to her like flies to honey; they hung off her every word and hardly disguised their lustful attraction. Lingering touches and 'accidental' brushes against her body were commonplace and Elizabeth did nothing to discourage them. At one party a friend of ours, well into his cups, actually cupped her buttock whist standing beside her. Liz simply smiled and allowed him a brief squeeze, and then gently disengaged his hand and said nothing at all, still smiling and engaging in conversation is if nothing had happened.

Elizabeth ensured I witnessed every slight and advance on her virtue, watching me squirm as she flirted and teased with any man who came near her or showed interest.

Our female friends noticed the change in Elizabeth's countenance too and immediately went on the attack. Their barbs and gibes bounced off her like arrows off armour. She smiled, praised and complimented the other ladies; which made them even more jealous and angry, knowing they didn't look anywhere near as sexy and attractive as she did.

"Isn't that dress a little too 'young' for a woman of your age," one matron said to her at cocktail party we were attending for partners and clients.

The small circle with whom we were engaged realised that the comment was uncalled for but they couldn't help but hope that blood would be drawn.

"Oh darling I have decided that you only live once and if you've got it; why not flaunt it? Love your frock by the way; it must be so, what's the word, convenient, to wear," Elizabeth's smiled at the porcine matron.

The poor woman was quite unattractive and heavy-set and wearing something that resembled a mumu.

Elizabeth deliberately took a half step forward and leant into a handsome young fellow who had reached for his lighter as soon as Liz took our her cigarette case. Her dress opened to reveal a beautiful long leg clad in sheer black stockings, a dark red suspender strap with glittering sliver clasp fixed to the welt. Her breasts, although not large, were ample and displayed in her low-cut dress, supported by an underwire half-cup black satin and lace bra.

The men in our little circle all gave her their full attention and the fool lighting her cigarette could barely contain the bulge in his trousers.

Needless to say all of Elizabeth's actions were driving me crazy with envy, lust, and jealousy. I was sexually frustrated and felt almost cuckolded. I wanted not only to fuck my wife; I wanted to dress just like her.

Finally one night after what seemed like an eternity, Elizabeth strode purposely into the lounge room where I was once again reading the evening paper by the fire.

"Where is Stephanie?" she asked and I immediately sprang to attention.

"I'll go and fetch her ma'am," I replied shaking with expectation.

Elizabeth was dressed in a floor-length black satin robe that I hadn't seen before. She dropped the robe off her shoulders and revealed a black satin bustier trimmed with white lace and four garters each side, clipped to a pair of black, fully-fashioned stockings, the backseams of which ran up Elizabeth's long and shapely legs. The reinforced toes, Cuban heels, and welts were a darker shimmery black.

Her breasts were pushed up and out by the bustier; her hair and makeup were perfect and she was tottering on four-inch black, patent leather high heels; she had accessorized with silver jewelry and she literarily reeked of a musky sensuous perfume.

I dropped my paper and gave her my complete attention; my poor neglected penis sprang to attention and I reached for my wife, hoping for release.

"Stephanie! What the fuck do you think you're doing!" Elizabeth screeched.

I don't know what shocked me more, the tone of her voice or the profanity. Elizabeth never swore in public!

"Take off all of your clothes and crawl to the bedroom," she demanded.

I did as I was told and got on my hands and knees and was rewarded by Elizabeth digging a spiked heel into my buttock.

"I said crawl you fucking disgrace for a girly; get on your belly and crawl like the worm you are!" she goaded me.

She followed me to bedroom, insulting me and poking me with the toe of her high heel. When I got to the bedroom she kept on poking me with her shoe.

"Keep going all the way to the bathroom!" she ordered.

Elizabeth had filled the bath with warm soapy water and I was relieved and actually looking forward to lying in the suds; maybe Liz would soap me up?

How wrong could I be.

"Shave!" she ordered, dropping a new Schick razor into the tub.

"But it's hopeless trying to shave my face in the bath dear; I'd do better in front of mirror over the sink," I said.

"You idiot! Not just your face! Everything and everywhere!" she said, her exasperation evident.

"But darling how am I going it to explain to my friends," I whimpered.

"I'm not having some hairy panty-wearer as my pet girl. You either shave yourself smooth or I call the whole thing off Stephanie. Or maybe I plug your little flash drive into the computer and find one of your little online sissy friends and see if she wants a real-life mistress," she sneered.

That was all the motivation I needed and I spent the next half-hour shaving every hair off my torso, and legs. Legs were easy and I'd done them before; being an amateur road cyclist it was the perfect excuse to keep my legs shaved. I was careful when shaving around my groin and scrotum but it was surprisingly easy, as was shaving my chest and arms. I shaved my face by feel but I did a good job removing all the stubble and leaving it perfectly smooth.

"Good girl Stephanie; I'll do your back for you as a reward," Elizabeth said.

I really wasn't hirsute and there was really only one little tuft of hair in the middle of my lower back and a little fuzz on my shoulders that needed to be removed.

When she had finished I had to say that my freshly shaven body

was tingling.

Elizabeth helped me dry myself and led me to her walk-in robe where to my chagrin she had me sit at her dresser and began to pluck my eyebrows.

"Stop whining you girl! I've been wanting to clip and shape your brows for years, even before I knew you were a crossdresser," and a fine job she did too.

My brows were nicely shaped without being too effeminate; Elizabeth used an eyebrow pencil to give them femme appeal after applying concealer, foundation and finishing powder; making me pay full attention. She worked on my eyes applying eyeliner, eyeshadow and mascara, explaining how the colour combinations of the eyeshadow worked. She contoured my face, applied rouge to my cheeks and then a final dusting of powder.

Liz made me apply my own long-lasting lipstick but she coached me tersely to make sure I got it right.

Even without a wig, I thought I looked amazingly attractive and feminine.

Then Elizabeth broke my heart when she took out some moistened wipes and made me remove the lot and do the makeup again myself. Then again, then again, then again, then again!

In the end I did my makeup five times and my skin was becoming sensitive and tender.

"Well you are now half decent at applying makeup. You have my permission to keep practicing; in fact you are to practice at least once a day from now on. No dressing en femme or anything else unless I approve; but you are to continue to improve your makeup skills. Understood?"

"Yes mistress," I replied.

I was surprised to see that Elizabeth had my three wigs sitting on wig stands on her dresser. A long feather-cut blonde job, a short russet 'bed-head' that was my favourite, and a classic black bob.

"The blonde is going to charity," she whipped it off the wig stand and threw it in the corner.

I flinched.

"And well you should Stephanie, you would look washed-out and insipid in that silly girly thing! I'm going to reinvent you; remake you in the image I want from my pet lady. But that doesn't mean some frilly-knickered, French maid uniformed, blonde-headed girly, girl! Not like those silly men dressed in stupid taffeta dresses and Mary Jane shoes that I saw on your websites," Elizabeth lit a cigarette.

She didn't offer me one like she usually would have.

"You are going to be far better than that. I'm going to turn you into an elegant sophisticated creature who will cater to every whim. It will take time and patience and a little pain I'm sure; but the results will be worth it," she grinned at me with those bright red lips but there was no mirth or compassion there.

She took the black bob and placed it my head, brushed and fussed with it then turned the swivel chair around.

I looked gorgeous there was no doubt it. With my heavy makeup and shiny midnight black hair falling in a fringe across my brows we could be sisters.

"Oh my god Elizabeth, I'm stunning," I gasped.

The slap was unexpected and my face stung and my eyes watered.

"I am mistress or ma'am! I am your keeper, your madam, your very reason for being, Stephanie. Without me you are nothing. Without me to direct you, to correct you, to enforce my will upon you, you don't exist. You only endure and subsist to please me," she slapped me again but not as hard.

Despite the humiliation and pain; my penis was erect and throbbing, leaking preseminal fluid. I wiped at it with my hand and having nowhere to put the viscous fluid, I put it in my mouth.

"Ah! You're learning! Good to see. Now let's see what you had locked away in that manky chest shall we?"

I made to rise but realised my mistake and remained seated until told to do so. Elizabeth produced a black leather dog collar and leash and fitted the collar around my neck and clipped the leash to it.

"Only one pound at the pet shop. Quite a bargain," she grinned and then pulled me off the chair and over to the bed.

My body is best described as lithe; even though I work in a world where corporate lunches, expansive dinners and evening galas are a regular part of the week, I eat frugally, I ride one hundred miles a week on my bike and I exercise regularly. My vices are alcohol and cigarettes not chocolates or fatty foods.

At five foot ten, I'm tall for a lady but I easily fit into a size eight or ten and my feet are small; a ladies size nine. This opens up the whole gamut of the female wardrobe; I'm not stuck wearing larger sizes, which usually equates to less fashionable clothing.

Elizabeth had tipped the contents of my trunk on the bed. The makeup was gone; I presume discarded as it was cheap thrift-shop stuff, not the expensive cosmetics I was wearing now.

She had divided the remains into small piles.

"Really Stephanie; you have appalling taste," she said ruefully.

"Let's look at your lingerie; the one thing you crossdressers sometimes get right," she started rifling through the pile of silk, satin, nylon and lace.

"No! No! No! Definitely No!" she said as she threw item after item into the corner where my blonde wig now resided.

What remained were three pairs of knickers; two pairs of full-cut satin panties and a pair of nylon cami-knickers. My single, eight garter suspender belt survived as did two of my bras. My pride and joy, a maroon satin and lace bustier with inbuilt stays also survived. Mistress held it up.

"Not bad! Not bad at all but not for tonight. Tonight we start with the basics," she appraised the garment critically.

She allowed me to keep all of my stockings, tights and shoes. She attacked my dresses, skirts and blouses, treating them with equal derision, most of them ending up in the growing pile of discarded attire in the corner of the room.

"Tonight you may wear a pair of red satin panties, flesh-toned hold-up stockings, the matching red satin bra and black high-heels; we'll forgo the wearing or a dress, skirt or blouse for another time. We'll need to do some shopping anyway before I can dress you to my satisfaction," she said disdainfully.

I was dismayed that I would not be allowed to fully dress but delighted that Elizabeth intended to take me shopping for female attire.

She took another cigarette from her packet and I sprang for her lighter and held it out for her; on my knees looking down as I held up the flame.

"Good girl; you're getting the idea," she patted me on the head.

"Now. You may dress," she blew smoke at ceiling and sat on the bed.

She watched me critically as I unwrapped and slipped into the fifteen denier stockings, the silky diaphanous nylon sending little sparks of pleasure as I eased them up my freshly shaved legs. I slipped into my bra and adjusted it as best I could.

"We better put breast forms on the shopping list," she said critically.

"Yes mistress," I bowed my head but I was beaming and my cock was rock hard.

We were going to get me breast forms!

"Oh my god Stephanie! You can't put your panties on with that thing sticking out and leaking everywhere! Your knickers will

look awful and will be soaked in no time at all," she pointed at my erect penis.

"Look Stephanie; I know I have kept you celibate for over four weeks now but I have my reasons. As you have not been too obnoxious this evening I might allow you release," she said matter-of-factly.

My hopes picked up immediately and I rose to my feet in anticipation of fucking my beautiful wife.

"What the hell do you think you're doing you imbecile! Get back down on your knees immediately," Elizabeth slapped me on the face again and pulled the leash; forcing me to my knees.

"Bend over my knees now you naughty girl!" she instructed.

She sat on the edge of the bed and half-dragged me across her lap. She being nearly as tall as I was, I had to scoot on my high heels to get myself lying fully across her lap. The smell of her perfume, the warmth of her body, the feel of my rampant cock rubbing on her nyloned thighs was blissful and sublime. Being denied the comfort of her body for so long, I was so enamoured that I began to weep.

But my blissful weeping suddenly became yelps of pain as my mistress inflicted her punishment on me. She spanked me hard across the buttocks with her open hand. The pain was biting; the smarting spread across my soft white globes, turning them pink, then bright red as she continued to spank me.

The pain in my derriere contrasted with the intense pleasure I was feeling from my penis and scrotum. My scrotal sack slid across her stocking-sheathed thigh as I writhed in my mistresses' lap and my erect penis, trapped between her toned legs swathed in translucent nylons, began to quiver and leaked even more pre-ejaculate.

"Oh my god Stephanie you are pathetic! You're getting your mess all over my best sheers. Now that you have hopefully learned your lesson I think I will allow you release; just so we can get rid of that protuberance and get on with feminising you," she said almost disinterestedly.

She literarily tossed me on the floor and pulled on the leash so that I was back on my knees in front of her.

"You're going to be washing these nylons anyway so I suppose it won't hurt if you soil them a little so long as you don't snag or ladder them," mistress said distastefully.

She offered me her foot and I stared at it.

"Take off my shoes you dolt!" she was getting angry again and that was not a good thing.

I gingerly removed her four-inch high heels and placed them carefully on the floor. Her feet were encased in black gossamer, with sleek darker pellucid nylon reinforcing the areas of her heels, toes and the soles of the stockings.

Without being told I gently massaged her feet and then lovingly lowered my face and kissed her toes and caressed her feet with my cheek. The smell of musty feet mixed with her perfume was exotic and tantalising.

"There's a good girl, doing what your mistress bids without needing to be told. You may now release yourself," she removed her foot from my face, lowered her legs level with my groin and arched her feet so that her toes pointed to floor.

I began to whimper as my mistress teased my glans with the tip of her toe.

"Oh my god mistress I'm so sorry," my cock began to quiver.

Sensing my approaching release, Elizabeth placed one foot under my penis and rubbed her nylon-sheathed toes on the underside of my glans, right on my frenulum. As I began to ejaculate she pushed her foot fully under my penis so that her toes tickled my scrotum and placed her other foot on top; squeezing my phallus between her magnificent stocking-clad feet as I rutted and humped.

"Oh thank you Mistress," I groaned as I orgasmed.

Hot creamy semen sprayed from my penis and spattered on Elizabeth's shin and calf. As the ejaculations began to subside my mistress contained most of my issue between her feet.

My orgasm was shockingly intense; I had felt nothing so rapturous since my youth. Waves of pleasure rippled through my body, emanating from my penis trapped in the diaphanous burrow between my mistresses' feet; the sensation of her gripping my cock with her stockinged feet was almost indescribably intense and erotic.

I leaned back and enjoyed the vista of my tumescent member trapped between Elizabeth's feet, my eye's followed her shapely come-spattered calf up to her thigh, along her stocking welt to the glistening jewels of the garter snaps. It was then that I looked at her crotch for the first time and noticed that she was wearing sheer black nylon see-through panties; her mons was shaved!

I looked into her eyes and she registered the look of utter pleasure on my face and also the surprise. She realised that I had seen that she had shaven her pubis. She smiled at me and this time I thought I saw a glimmer of affection.

But not for long.

Elizabeth tugged on the leash and pulled my face down to her foot and wriggled her toes.

"You know what to do Stephanie," she whispered.

I'll wager there isn't a man alive who hasn't tasted his own issue, but being forced to lap up that warm, musky goop was the most degrading and disgusting thing I had ever done.

Of course my mistress was not about to make it that easy. She rubbed her foot on my face, smearing the cooling semen over my lips, my chin and my cheeks and then forced her toes into my mouth.

"Clean off all the mess Stephanie, be a good girl now," she ordered.

I sucked on her nylon-clad toes, a scintilla of perfume and bath soap helped dissipate the slimy, musky taste of my semen. I lapped at the rogue gobbets of jism that I had sprayed on her calf; licking up every drop.

The fallacy that semen tastes salty was soon dismissed. I licked and sucked every skerrick of my discharge from her foot and between her toes before she released her foot from my mouth.

"Good girl! Now come over here and I'll show you something nice that I've bought for you. I wasn't going to show it to you this evening, but as you seem to be taking well to basic training I think you deserve to at least take a peek at the present I have for you; even if you can't have it yet," she said.

She dragged me over to her walk-in robe and rummaged around in the chest of drawers.

She turned around and smiled at me lasciviously and evilly. She had the present concealed behind her back.

"I suppose the best way to introduce you to the gift that I have bought for you is to paraphrase one of those ridiculous American gangster movies you so like to watch," she grinned.

"Say hello to my little friend," she held out a huge latex strap-on penis.

To be continued...

The Kink CORNER

Recommendations from our library of fetish-themed publications & periodicals, showcasing kink after glorious kink.

All featured titles are available directly from Centurian using the order form on Page 45

Violet Chachki!

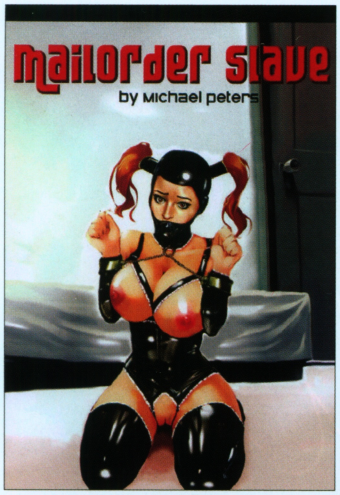
TransLiving 59 **TLI59 / $20.00**

Violet Chachki sizzles on the brand new issue!

Transformation 95

TFM95 / $8.00

Collectable back issue featuring Drag Race winner Violet Chachki in exclusive photos shot just for Transformation!



Mail Order Slave

BELMOS / $29.95

Lingerie model Susan is abducted and then subjected to intense bondage, torture, and sex slave training. Written and illustrated by Michael Peters.

DRESSER
BONDAGE
T-GIRL DAMSELS IN DISTRESS
FEMINISED MEN RESTRAINED WITH ROPES, CHAINS & BALL-GAGS
NO ESCAPE FOR NAUGHTY NINA
A FULLY STRAPPED IN JESSICA DEE GETS FORCED TO SWALLOW A PLASTIC COCK
XD PUBLICATIONS

XDresser Bondage

XDBON01 / $20.00

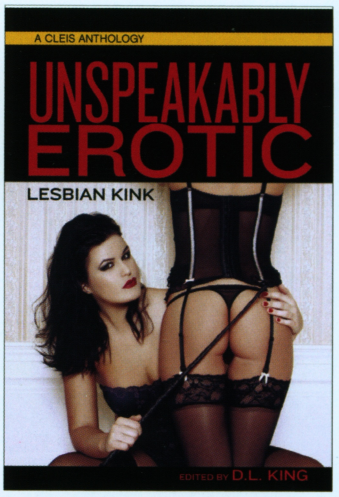
Feminised men restrained w/ ropes, chains & gags. Featuring fan favorites Sandra from Trannies in Trouble and Jessica Dee from the English Mansion.

GET SPANKED
SPANKING AND CORPORAL PUNISHMENT FEATURING SOME OF BRITAIN'S NAUGHTIEST GIRLS
STRICT MISTRESS ALEX THRASHES NAUGHTY FRENCH MAID
XD PUBLICATIONS

Get Spanked 7

XGS07 / $20.00

Strict Alex Reynolds takes a paddle to her thieving French maid's bare behind, along with stories and photo shoots showing two bitchy bridesmaids being spanked in tandem; a very lazy wife going over her hubby's knee: and an interview with spanking model and pro spankee Lolani.



Unspeakably Erotic

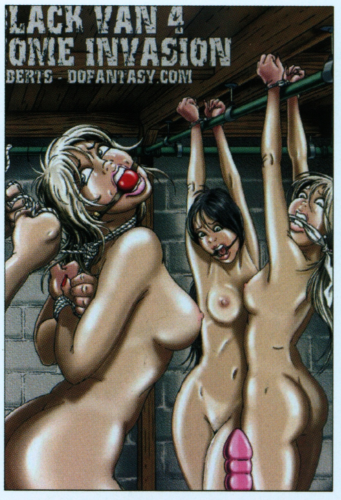
CPUE / $17.95

Everyone has secrets, especially secret, kinky desires. Unspeakably Erotic: Lesbian Kink is guaranteed to trigger that hot flush with stories exploring edge play, CBT (yes, even CBT), genital bondage, whips, foot fetishes, carnies, pony play and much more!

Heavy Rubber 37

HR37 / $19.95

Germany's finest rubber fetish magazine is back! With a new look and feel but full of the yummy gummi latex you love from famed photographer Peter Czernich.

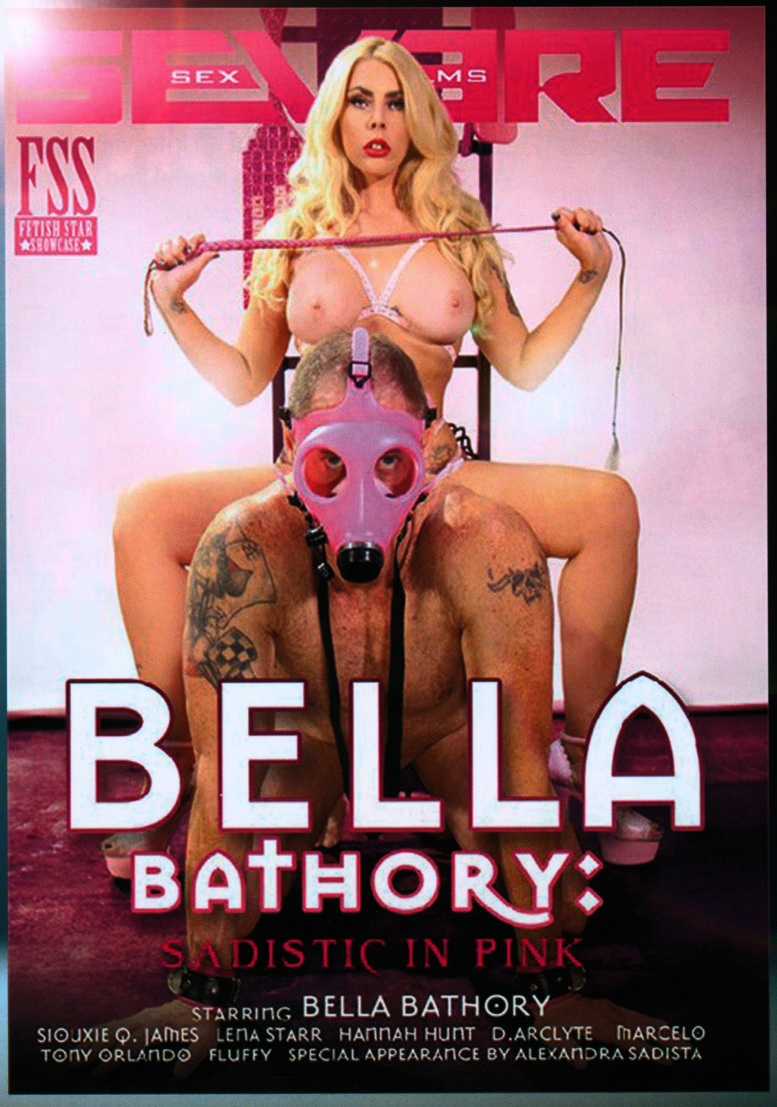


Black Van 4: Home Invasion

DFBV4 / $29.95

In the latest installment of this hardcore comic series from the twisted mind of Roberts a group of beauties are overrun at home by vicious thugs and turned into sex slaves.

DVD Spotlight



SEVERE SEX PRESENTS

BELLA BATHORY

SADISTIC IN PINK

Severe Sex Films officially introduces a new series, Fetish Star Showcase, with the release of "Bella Bathory: Sadistic in Pink". But don't let the pretty pink lingerie fool you: Mistress Bella Bathory is one of the fiercest Dommes around, as she demonstrates on her lucky victims, er, submissives.

"The first Fetish Star Showcase was actually 'Cybill Troy is Vicious', which received the 2018 AVN Award for Best BDSM Movie and was one of our best sellers," explains Severe Sex co-owner and director Dee Severe. "So we are continuing on this path. Every studio has star showcases, but I don't think anyone else has ever focused on fetish performers. And there are so many out there who are fabulous, and have a substantial online following. I love that we can expose them to the DVD audience."

Bella Bathory discovered the joys of BDSM at age 17 and never looked back, bringing a true kinkster's authenticity to her scenes. Her trademark pink toys and outfits stem from her stint at a dungeon where she was told only black and red were appropriate colors for a pro Dominatrix. Bathory then defiantly started to collect pink items. "'Sadistic In Pink' was a great way to visualize my most important philosophy about BDSM," she notes. "It's supposed to be fun! I wear pink lingerie, have the most feminine of toys, and I play as hard as the most severe Dommes in the business. It doesn't matter if you don't fit the traditional aesthetic of what a dominant 'should' be. As long as you are having a blast in a risk aware consensual scene, you are doing it right!"

Bathory's showcase features the fierce blonde bombshell displaying her prodigious BDSM skills on submissives Siouxie Q. James, Lena Starr, Hannah Hunt, D. Arclyte, Marcelo, Tony Orlando and Fluffy. The three-hour DVD includes whipping, CBT, pegging, candle wax play, paddling, flogging and a special appearance by Alexandra Sadista, joining Bathory to torment D. Arclyte, who's trapped in a hanging head cage.

"I was able to have complete creative control, and everything had pink or untraditionally feminine and soft aesthetics with intense BDSM. Playing with the toughest submissives in the business and watching them quiver at the sight of my bright pink toys is one of my favorite mind fucks," Bathory said, adding, "The partial suspension of Lena Starr, and being the first person allowed to spit in her beautiful whore mouth was a great moment, and the beginning of a great off camera friendship."

"The general public frequently views the fetish world as a cold, dark place, full of whips and chains and shiny black leather and latex," noted Severe Sex co-owner and producer Jimmy Broadway. "While we certainly showed that side with 'Cybill Troy is Vicious', here with 'Bella Bathory: Sadistic in Pink' we show a different approach; that fetish can have a light and playful side, while still being brutal and sadistic."

"Bella Bathory: Sadistic in Pink" also includes an interview with Bathory, Behind The Scenes excerpts and bloopers, and a photo gallery. Over 3 hours of kinky fun!

You can see even more of the latex loving Mistress Bella Bathory online:

www.mistressbellabathory.com

@TheBellaBathory

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Order your copy of
Bella Bathory: Sadistic in Pink
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A newly updated classic chastity offering the best of comfort and security. Made of medical grade polycarbonate it is lightweight, hypoallergenic and durable, with a vented cage portion for hygiene. The CB-3000 restricts you from touching your genitals for sexual pleasure and gives the Keyholder control over the sexual fulfillment of both partners. Measurements: 3" length, 1.45""dia. Rings measure 1.5, 1.63, 1.75, 1.88, and 2"" in diameter.

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The Sado has three points of contact, making it nearly impossible to wriggle out of, and features soft yet strong silicone material that allows for comfort while remaining extremely effective. The cage is vented to allow for breathability and cleanliness, with a wide vent at the tip that allows for urination or ejaculation. Measurements: Cage: 4.35" in length and 1.25" in dia. Rings: 1.5, 1.75, and 2" in dia.

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"This all-rubber chastity cage is the best way to experience erection restriction in discreet and flexible comfort. Featuring a stiff walled rubber cage, this soft body device is nearly undetectable under clothing. The low profile and travel-friendly material make it ideal for trips through metal detectors, and it is comfortable enough for long-term wear.
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RIKERS 3 STAINLESS STEEL CHASTITY DEVICE
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Measurements: Cage: 1.4"" internal dia., 2.75"" internal length; Rings: 1.65, 1.75, 1.85" in dia.
(STAD802) $129.95

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(see spotlight article on page 38)

Venus Girls DVDs Sale (page 4)

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Kink Corner Magazines (page 36-37)

☐	TransLiving 59	TLI59	$20.00
☐	Transformation 95	TFM95	$8.00
☐	Heavy Rubber 37	HR37	$19.95
☐	Mail Order Slave	BELMOS	$29.95
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CHASTITY (page 42-43)

☐	Detained Soft Chastity	STAE408	$24.95
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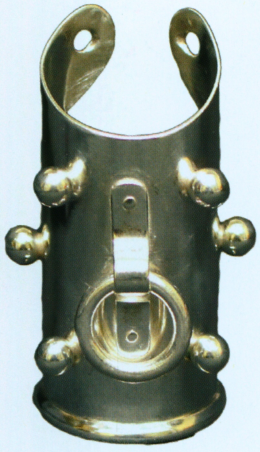

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